THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

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THE EARLY MISSIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

(*Continued.*)

IN spite of all its troubles the French colony displayed a courage which never faltered, and an energy which never relaxed. Montmagny at Quebec, Champlain at Three Rivers, and Maisonneuve at Montreal, gave to all an example of splendid courage. Maisonneuve one day pursued by a band of Iroquois who tried to take his life retreated step by step, his pistol in his hand, with his face to the foe, killing the first Indian who approached and succeeded in gaining the fort. His men regarded him as a hero and not without reason. He had received from Richelieu a reinforcement of forty-nine soldiers, and leaving Quebec, directed his steps to the Iroquois River to build a fort at the place where it empties into the St. Lawrence. It was by that river that the Agniers Indians descended the St. Lawrence. The object of the fort was to prevent these manœuvres. It did so with but partial success, for the enemy landed a few miles further down, carried their canoes across the forest, and embarked on the waters of the great river.

Montmagny had quitted Quebec towards the end of July, 1642. A few days after, viz., on the first of August, twelve Huron canoes left Three Rivers and paddled slowly up the St. Lawrence. The canoes were loaded with provisions and carried about forty persons. Among the passengers were Father Isaac Jogues and the two *donnés* of the Mission, René Goupil and William Couture. There was also a young Huron woman

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named Theresa Iiouhaton who had been at school with the Ursulines of Quebec. In the party were likewise some Hurons who had been baptized and were fervent Christians, namely, Joseph Teondechoren, Charles Tsondatsaa, Etienne Totiri, Paul Ononhoraton and Eustache Ahastirari; the others were Indians who had been trading at Quebec, and were returning to their country. René Goupil was a surgeon and Couture was a joiner. "Men" says Father Lalemant, "who were simply incomparable and admirably suited for this kind of life." Both had given themselves heart and soul to the Mission and much could be expected from young men like them whom the spirit of sacrifice and zeal had alone brought to Canada. Totiri, the Huron chief of the St. Joseph's Settlement was one of the first to embrace Christianity. He had converted half of his cabin into a chapel. The Indians wanted to destroy it and to force their former chiet to abandon it. "I will not leave it," said the proud Christian, "except when the Fathers who instruct us will leave this place, and then I will follow them wherever they go. I am more attached to them than to my country or to my relations, for they have brought us the words of eternal life. My soul clings but lightly to my body. One moment can separate them, but you will never make me lose my faith."

Teondechoren had been a desperate man and a gambler before his conversion. When he became a Christian he was the marvel of the Indians because of the beauty and strength of his virtue. "What did the Black Robes do to you," they asked him, "to change you in this fashion." They tore out whatever was evil in me," said he. "If you believe in prayer as you ought, you will find out this better than I can tell you."

Tsondatsaa was a medicine man, son of a chief, and when he was baptized at Sillery the governor stood sponsor and gave him the name of Charles. When he returned to his tribe he made a great feast for the chiefs and the old men, and at the end he said to them: "You see before you a man who has become a Christian since he left you, and who is determined to die a thousand times rather than renounce his religion. My goods, my life and my courage are yours, provided you do not

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require anything of me which is against God." He never deviated from this line of conduct.

The most celebrated of all was Ahastirari, the first of his nation. No one had fought more battles, no one had achieved more glory. What was wonderful in his case was that ever since his boyhood he had been continually in circumstances of the greatest danger. None of those who had fought at his side had escaped while he seemed to bear a charmed life. This was the occasion of his conversion. In 1641, he said to the missionary who was about to baptize him: "Before you came to this country I escaped from a thousand dangers to which my companions succumbed. I see now that it was not owing to myself that I was kept out of harm's way. I was under the impression that there was some spirit whom I did not know who was protecting me. Although the Hurons attribute their good luck to their dreams I was convinced that all that was nonsense. My own case I could not explain. When I heard you speak of the greatness of God and of Jesus Christ who had been on the earth, I thought it was He who had preserved me, and I resolved to honor Him all my life. In the morning when I went out to fight I recommended myself to Him. It is to Him that I owe all my victories, it is to Him that I believe and ask you to baptize me so that after my death He may have pity on me."

In the simplicity of this story one cannot help recognizing a great nobility of soul. These three Indians had escorted Father Jogues on his return from his mission to Quebec, whither his superior had sent him to procure the necessaries of life; for the station was absolutely without the means of sustenance. The mission was a dangerous one as there were bands of Iroquois all along the route; but danger did not frighten this apostle. He seemed to be looking for it with what was almost a passion. Some time before his departure he was kneeling alone before the Blessed Sacrament, and he asked the Lord to grant him the grace to suffer for His glory. He heard a voice in the depths of his soul which said to him, "What you ask I grant, be courageous and constant."

Courage and constancy were not lacking. These two virtues formed the basis of his character. Although of an unim-

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pressive exterior he was rich in natural and supernatural qualities. He was very like Father Garnier in disposition, of a very frail and delicate temperament, almost sickly. But concealed under this exterior, which was far from impressive, was a firm and intrepid soul. To look at him with his head slightly bent, his eyes partly closed as if he were praying, you would think him timid and embarassed, and nevertheless, he displayed in the most trying situations, a boldness which was almost audacity, a calm and a coolness which one would find scarcely anywhere. There was no missionery more indefatigable than he, no one who was more active. Canada had few apostles to equal him, and God knows there were splendid men there at that time.

The Protestant Parkman never wearies of praising his splendid character, in which there seemed to be so much greatness without effort. He writes of Father Jogues, that "he had made complete studies in Europe and might have achieved a literary reputation." Perhaps he was exaggerating, but in any case brilliant studies had been made by him in Orleans, his native city, and later on, as Professor of Humanities, he wrote in the college at Rouen, at the beginning of the scholastic year, a Latin poem which made considerable sensation.

An overpowering love of souls impelled him, when still young, to enter the novitiate of the Jesuits at Paris. He was then seventeen years of age. His desire was to be sent to Ethiopia. He spoke of it to the rector of the novitiate, Father Louis Lalemant, who made answer: "Brother, you will die nowhere but in Canada!" These words, prophetic or not, were to be fulfilled to the letter. Twelve years after his entrance into the Society he stepped on Canada soil.

The first of August, 1642, he was ascending the St. Lawrence, as we have said, with a band of Huron Indians. To avoid the current the canoes kept close to the shore, and on the second of the month they had reached the end of Lake St. Peter when they fell into an ambuscade of seventy Iroquois. The Hurons in consternation abandoned their canoes, their arms and their traps, leaped on shore and dispersed in the depths of the forest. Left alone, the French, the Neophytes, and the Huron Cate-

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chumens, fifteen in all, withstood the onslaught. The struggle of course was hopeless. Most of them were made prisoners, as well as a dozen of those who had first taken flight. Goupil, the three converted Indians, and the young Theresa were of the number. Couture had succeeded in escaping and was concealed in the woods. Father Jogues had not been perceived, and stood unmolested on the bank of the river.

Here follows a scene of generous courtesy and Christian devotedness, which it is the duty of the historian to relate.

Father Jogues had been accustomed to such combats and he knew what the result would be. When he saw all his friends taken prisoners, he said to himself: "Can I abandon good Réne Goupil, the Huron captives who are Christians, and those who are about to become such?" Listening only to the promptings of his apostolic heart, he issues from his concealment and offers himself a prisoner. One of the Indians who had succeeded in escaping on learning of this, retraces his steps and surrenders himself also. "Father," said he to Father Jogues, as he embraced him, "I have sworn to live and to die near you. Behold us reunited." Couture also, who was young, full of life and activity, had escaped from the danger, but, not seeing Father Jogues with him, said to himself: "How can I abandon him, and leave him alone exposed to the rage of the Iroquois." He too returns to the place of the combat and took his place among the prisoners.

A LEGEND OF SAN JAGO.

BY ALBA.

"FROM what far country dost thou come,
Oh! holy pilgrim, say?
That thou hast wandered far from home
Thy foreign looks betray;
Nor Spanish tower nor Moorish dome
Hath seen thy natal day."

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" I come from Grecia's distant clime,"
The aged pilgrim said,
" Where blest St. Paul in early time
The True Evangel spread,
And where the world's black cup of crime
With martyrs' blood grew red."

" And why, oh ! holy father, say,
Why hast thou come so far,
Braving the perils of a way
Beset with blood and war,
Where danger lacks not, night and day,
A pilgrim's road to bar ? "

" Through dangers neither light nor few
I come, by help Divine,
San Jago's sacred church to view,
To kneel before his shrine,
And blessings true, and blessings new
To ask for me and mine."

" Then, pilgrim, may the God of Love
Protect thee with all care,
Each trouble from thy path remove,
And grant thine every prayer ;
And may San Jago plead above
The suit thou urgest here."

" And if a kind word thou wilt say
For other than thine own,
Oh ! then, for our poor soldiers pray,
That mercy may be shown,
And that his knightly panoply
San Jago would gird on."

" For six long months, King Ferdinand
Coimbra hath beset ;
He swore upon his royal hand
It should its crimes regret ;
But vain the prowess of his band,—
Closed are its portals yet."

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" And now hath Famine's ruthless sword
  Outstarted from its sheath;
Now Pestilence hath on them poured
  Its all-destroying breath ;
And well have these already stored
  The dark domain of Death."

" Right gladly I my prayers will lend
  Heav'n's clemency to crave,
That He Whose Mighty Hand can rend
  Its victim from the grave
Would of His endless pity send
  Your dying friends to save."

" But of San Jago, sooth to say,
  In error great ye be.
No belted knight, no courtier gay,
  No soldier fierce was he,
But a poor Fisher far away
  In distant Galilee."

* * *

The setting sun's last glories through
  The deep-stain'd windows pour,
With many a rich and varied hue
  Tingeing the marble floor ;
They gild the Cross-crown'd shrine anew,
  Far brighter than before.

Beside the altar rev'rently
  The grey-hair'd Grecian kneels ;
His time-worn lineaments display
  The holy joy he feels
That thus the troubles of his way
  Such happy ending seals.

Pilgrims are there from many a strand,
  In worship bending low.
The stalwart Norseman from the land
  Of icicle and snow,
The Arab from his desert sand
  Have quitted friend and foe.

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The Dane hath left his forests green,
  The Swiss his mountains blue,
The dark-brow'd African each scene
  His sunny childhood knew ;
And Britain's sons, full well I ween,
  Are neither faint nor few.

The king aside his crown hath laid,
  And on the drear way toiled ;
The aged monk, the youthful maid
  Have on its dangers smiled ;
The soldier hath ensheath'd his blade,
  And kneels beside the child.

Who the devotion shall declare
  Enkindling ev'ry breast
Of all the hosts who worship there
  The Lamb for ever blest
Enthron'd upon the altar where
  His martyr's relics rest !

* * *

Hush'd is the anthem's solemn peal ;
  The Vesper-hymn is o'er ;
And priest and mitred prelate kneel
  Around the shrine no more ;
The last few ling'ring stragglers steal
  In silence from the door.

Gone is the radiance rich and bright,
  The sunset's glorious beam ;
'Tis the pale moon's reflected light
  Which falls in silver stream
And glistens o'er the pavement white,
  Making it whiter seem.

One only figure still is bending
  On the cold marble stone ;
One heart-drawn voice is still ascending
  Unto the Heav'nly Throne,
Pray'rs for the wasted army blending
  With pleadings for his own.

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Midnight is nigh, and still untired
The Grecian pilgrim prays ;
His soul, with heav'nly strength inspired,
No fleshly weakness sways,
But ev'ry energy is fired
To supplicate and praise.

His last Amen was yet unsaid
When lo ! a radiance bright
Around San Jago's altar shed
A pure, unearthly light.
Awe-struck, the pilgrim bent his head,
And wonder'd at the sight.

A voice of tone divinely sweet
Fell softly on his ear ;
And now, his wond'ring glances meet
A figure standing near
In knightly armor clad complete,
With buckler and with spear.

White was the plume that nodded o'er
His helmet's shining crest ;
A Crown upon his shield he bore,
A Cross upon his breast ;
The trembling pilgrim bows before
San Jago's Vision blest.

"Pilgrim," he said, "thine earnest prayer
Hath favor found on High.
No more shall death and famine wear
Spain's fainting chivalry,
For I am sent their fierce despair
To quench in victory."

"To-morrow, ere the tierce-bells ring,
My sword shall turn the scale,
And wide Coimbra's gates shall fling
The conqueror to hail.
Sure is the promise which I bring,
His word can never fail."

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" But first, I come before thy sight
Thus arm'd with mail and sword
That thou mayst know *I am a Knight—*
The Champion of the Lord,
Ready to arm, and mount, and fight,
And conquer at His word! "

Scarce had the vision ceas'd, when lo !
A proud and princely steed,
White as the pathless mountain's snow,
Two angel pages lead.
San Jago mounts—the Knight, I trow,
Of Jesus Christ indeed !

* * *

Oh ! wherefore peal the bells so loud
From ev'ry town and tower ?
And whither streams that motley crowd
From cottage, hall and bower—
The peasant rough, the baron proud,
And beauty's fairest flower ?

To celebrate Coimbra's fall
Those ceaseless joy-bells ring ;
Those loyal hearts are thronging all
To welcome back their King.
Lo! within Compostella's wall
The conquering host they bring.

Straight to San Jago's ancient pile
Proceeds the arm'd array,
For happy ending to their toil
Adoring thanks to pay ;
And choir and transept, nave and aisle
Echo their holy lay.

" Hail Supreme One ! All-adoring,
Lo ! Thy servants bend the knee,
E'en as late with voice imploring
They besought Thy clemency."

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" Faithful art Thou, and unfailing
Ev'ry promise by Thee giv'n ;
While man's efforts unavailing
Perish at the breath of heav'n."

" Long our wasted ranks were lying
'Neath Coimbra's rebel wall.
Weary, hopeless, faint and dying,
Dark despair was over all."

" Morn, at length, the tierce-hour bringing,
Call'd us to renew the fray.
Like a knell the trumpets' ringing
Broke upon our ear that day."

" On we went, with hearts despairing,
To possess our gory graves,
Or once more, Destruction sparing,
To return, fell Famine's slaves."

" On we went, Coimbra nearing ;
On we went, to bleed, to die ;
When a white-plumed knight appearing
Fix'd each wond'ring heart and eye."

" With celestial radiance shining,
Golden mail his limbs array'd ;
On his breast a Cross reclining,
While a Crown his shield display'd"

" Like the snow o'er desert driven,
Spotless was the steed he rode,
And the majesty of Heaven
In his form and features glow'd."

" Bright he cast his glances o'er us ;
Bright he waved his sword on high ;—
' On! Coimbra falls before us !
God ! San Jago ! be your cry ! ' "

" Wail, Coimbra ! Crime unmeasur'd
In thy ruin meets its fate ;
Retribution long up-treasur'd
Now hath laid thee desolate."

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"See! Two garlands freshly breathing
Home we bring, with hearts elate—
Peace be ours, while *Glory's* wreathing
To our God we consecrate."

"Upward may San Jago bear it
At his Master's feet to lay.
Glory's garland, who shall wear it?
He Whose word is victory!"

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

First Station.

PILATE CONDEMNS JESUS TO DEATH.

BETRAYED by one of His own followers, bound by the Roman soldiers, dragged from one judge to another by the Jews who wanted His blood, but are unable to accuse Him of any crime, Jesus is at last brought before Pilate. Jesus it would appear, then, could trust, as did St. Paul a little later, the uprightness of the Roman magistracy. Pilate questions Him—he finds no crime in Him, he twice openly declares; he is going to release Him. No! the people want Christ to die—and there they stand, full of hate, blood-thirsty, yelling, in the court yard of the pretorium. The weak Pilate has an inspiration of cruel pity. "I will scourge Him," he says. "When the people see Him bleeding they will have pity." And Jesus bleeds beneath the whips of the Romans. But the people had no pity. He must die. To Pilate, who is irritated at their obstinacy against a just man, the priests said contemptuously: "Take care; if you do not condemn Him, you will work your own ruin with Cæsar," and at these words, trembling lest he should lose his office of proconsul, Pilate abandons the innocent and exclaims: "Well, so be it! Crucify Him you. I wash my hands of it. I am innocent of the blood of that just man." And he ordered a golden basin to be brought him, wherein he washed his hands. But Jesus held out His hands to the soldiers who were to lead Him to torture.

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The people in their triumph crowd around with cries of joy. They are going to see Christ die; they urge on the soldiers to hasten the work. What a feast for the Jews, above all for the Pharisees; they are going to be rid of this sermonizer! Jesus heard all—the calumnies of His accusers, the cowardly surrender of Pilate, the insults of the crowd, their cries of joy. He is silent. Eight days before, that same crowd had shouted "Hosanna to the King of the Jews."

His eyes look around for His Apostles, those whom He had loved and whom He had called His brethren. Peter, their chief, trembling before a woman, had denied Him thrice: "I swear to you that I never saw that man—*non novi hominem.*" Judas, the traitor, had gone to destroy himself. The others, at the first alarm, had fled and were hiding at a distance. And Jesus is silent.

He sought everywhere in that crowd the sick whom He had healed, the blind to whom He had restored sight, the lame whom He had made walk, that centurion to whom He had restored his servant, that widow of Naim, whose son He had brought back to life. Nobody! There was indeed a centurion there, but he was taking care that they made the cross heavy enough; and truly, too, there were women there, but with hair dishevelled they cried out, "Crucify Him; His blood be upon our children." And Jesus is silent.

And is there no one in all that crowd that will raise his voice for Christ? No heart to remember Him? No voice to repeat those words whose echoes the hillsides of Jerusalem still preserve: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that gave Thee suck"?

No! No one! Jesus is alone, betrayed, sold, abandoned—alone in the hands of His executioners. And Jesus is silent!

. . . .

My God! Dare I compare my trifling sorrows to Your infinite sorrows? We too, we have in this world to drink of the chalice of calumny. Some accuse us of faults the thought even of which never entered our minds. Some spitefully penetrate into our secret thoughts and discover there plans which

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we had never conceived. Some misinterpret our words and pervert them to a bad sense. Some give to our purest affections the appearance of the most hateful passions. That what we are doing in all simplicity and guilelessness some say is done in malice and deceit. The jealous defame us. Are we understood, are we esteemed by the world as we think we deserve?

Let us bear this grief with patience, and like Christ, know how to be silent. Let us submit to ingratitude, contempt and outrage. . . . What are our sufferings in comparison with the sufferings of our master? And He was silent!

Let us learn to be silent!

We also have our judges, the protectors and defenders of our rights. It is sometimes a father, or a mother, a spouse, a master, sometimes a friend whose esteem we have more at heart than all the judgments of the world. Have they always judged us justly?

Alas! frequently we have found in them neither assistance nor recourse. They have believed everything that the crowd believed, they have condemned us as did the crowd, and even among them, our innocence has been waved aside and contemned. "Oh, if an enemy had condemned me, I would have resigned myself in silence, but you, you were one soul with mine. (1) *Quoniam si inimicus homo maledixisset mihi sustinuissem utique, tu autem homo unananimis!*" Let us learn to be silent.

We have done good to men, we have devoted ourselves to them, sacrificed ourselves perhaps to make them happy. Where are they now when I am suffering? I did not count the money I put into their hands. Where are they now when ruin strikes me? They have fled. Who knows, perhaps they have betrayed and sold me!

I have loved, I have given my affection, my whole soul, I lived only for him whom I loved. My thoughts were for him day and night, and my work, and my honor, and my happiness, and all my life.

Where are those whom I loved? Where is the friend of my soul? One day he left me there on the side of the road, just

(1) Ps.54 v. 14.

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as a broken vase of which he no longer wished to assume the useless charge; I am alone! Learn to be silent.

. . . .

Jesus was personally innocent. Although He had taken upon Himself our sins, those sins were unknown to Pilate. He could, as far as the judge and His accusers were concerned, show a countenance without stain, a heart without reproach.

But we, we who complain of the accusations, the judgments, the abandonment of which we are the victims, can we show a stainless countenance and an immaculate heart? Are we innocent? Perhaps we are, of some fault of which they make us bear the shame; but for how many other faults would we have to blush, did they not remain hidden in the deepest depths of our own hearts. What man is there that would agree to appear before the world such as he knows himself to be in the solitude of his own conscience, with his deeds made known, with his desires, his regrets, his thoughts, his passions all laid bare?

They would judge us then according to our true merits. We cry out, because through the corner of the veil with which we have again and again covered our baseness, they have seen some fault in us and have judged it! But if all were known! And we complain!

Let us be silent, Christians, let us be silent! And before the approach of the condemnations of this world, let us bend with resignation our heads which repentence alone will give us the right to lift again. *Juste patimur*—we suffer justly; they condemn us, it is but justice. Jesus let Himself be condemned. He suffered in silence! Innocent, He wished to expiate our sins; culpable, let us unite our expiation to His, and let us begin to undergo judgment like Him without a murmur. Like Him let us suffer in silence the abandonment of our friends, the accusations of our enemies and their persecutions, their ingratitude, their contempt, their treachery; let us accept all the evil that men inflict on our heart; let us bare our shoulders to it. What is its weight in comparison to the weight of the cross that they were preparing for Jesus?

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The Second Station.

JESUS IS LADEN WITH THE CROSS.

All is ready: the cross is made, the Roman soldiers are under arms. To Calvary! The crowd forms in procession, the children rush to its head, shouting and clapping their hands, they are going to see a man die. The priests of the Sanhedrin follow, hiding beneath a feigned gravity the secret joy of their soul. O you, who conceal beneath the divine name your sanguinary hatred, O you, who preach under the cloak of the law and the prophets your shameful vengeance, what has Christ then done to you?

Then comes the deluded crowd, the hired crowd, which spits upon Christ and embraces Barrabas, the crowd of the slums and of evil ways. Come, Innocent Christ, it is time; move on! The soldiers place the cross erect, laying it on the divine shoulders; it is raised, its dark form outlined against the sky. And Jesus, as if He had aroused Himself from some distracting thought, sees it. His eyes light up, His lips part in smiles, He stretches out His arms toward it, He accepts it, He embraces it, He takes it on His shoulder, He clasps it in both hands and He goes to Calvary, to death!

And all the time the crowd is shouting with joy. Above the cries, one can hear the confused and increasing babel of intermingling conversations, the jests which give rise to laughter, loud and coarse and brutal. They push and jostle one another, they leap over the garden hedges, to obtain a closer view of the condemned, and to offer Him injury more easily. And behold the contrast! The Jews always ready for any revolt against the Roman authority, the Jews quivering at the recollection of the law and their ancient country, the Jews so ill-disposed to the yoke, so full of hatred against Cæsar, applaud the soldiers and clap their hands because they see on His way to death a Jew like themselves, accused of preaching revolt against Cæsar. To obtain the blood of Christ they become the courtiers of Cæsar, they, once defiant, are now cringing, haughty, —Oh, the depths of human passions!

Jesus, always silent, moves on beneath these outrages—the

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cross above His head like an archway of ignominy. Alone, not a friend, not a follower!

. . . .

But what lesson does the Master teach us here? Our cross is suffering. And what are we doing?

When, from afar, it threatens us, long before it strikes us, at the first sign that it is coming to us, at the simple thought even that it is possible, we begin to grieve at once. We cry out, beneath the fancied blows that have not as yet touched us; we anticipate sorrow, adding of our own accord to the sorrow which will come that which can or might come.

Our imagination, not under our control, makes itself in a wonderful way the distributor of our griefs. How often have we wept over evils which have never affected us. Tears, empty and childish!

Is it thus that Jesus bore Himself with regard to the Cross, while the assistants of the executioners were cutting down a tree, while they were forming it into a cross, and while they were bringing it to Him? No, His thoughts, calm and resigned, reposed lovingly in the providence of His Father! Ah! let us then not mind the future—poor souls, is the present not hard enough to bear? The future belongs to God. He alone knows whether it will bring us happiness or sorrow. Whatever comes, will come only because God willed it.

Let us repose, then, in the arms of the providence of our good God; let us lay our heart on His, let us press close to Him, as does the trembling little chicken which hides itself beneath the wings and under the heart of its mother.

But when the cross is there, erect before Him, how does He accept it! How does He reach out His hands, happy and smiling! And we, what do we do? We shut our eyes so as not to see it, we turn aside our head with cries of terror, we stretch out our arm to stay it as it is falling upon us, to cast it away from us as it touches our shoulder. We flee from it; it pursues us, it overtakes us; fatal cross, it is upon us and then, when all hope is lost, beneath its weight we let ourselves fall to earth and lie there, crushed, without energy, without courage, faint-hearted, hopeless. Let us be men! If our life be sor-

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rowful at times, God measures the sorrow according to our strength. Let us not exaggerate our pains to excuse our weakness; if we are weak, let us strive all the more against our weakness.

Oh, if we, too, were to look upon the Cross, erect, face to face, we should not consider it so formidable. If reason put a check to the wild flights of our childish imagination, we should not see its black arms springing up and stretching themselves across the horizon so as to overshadow our whole lives. We should smile at everything here below, even sorrow and suffering. But above all, if our eyes were opened to higher lights, if we had a living faith, just as a curtain, would visible things fall from before our eyes. That cross, it is not the Roman soldiers who bring it to Him, it is God Who gives it. It is no longer an instrument of torture, it is an instrument of happiness and glory. That death, it is not the vengeance of men, it is not the chastisement with which an enemy afflicts us, it is the gift of a Father, it is the gold which buys Paradise.

Why, why has the Cross become to the eyes of the faithful soul an instrument of its happiness and glory? Because the Cross purifies the soul stained with evil, buys back the soul sold to evil, because it is the instrument of expiation for those acts for which we have deserved punishment.

It is hard for the human heart to acknowledge itself blameworthy, its self-love receives a shock, it suffers. But whatever it may do, it is forced to such acknowledgment by its own conscience. This cries out in us more loudly than all the noise we make to drown its voice, and, day and night witness of our faults, it conjures them up before us. How can we plead not guilty before Him who has seen all, heard all, who was there present even in the innermost recesses of our souls?

That avowal made by ourselves against ourselves is hard, but what is it in comparison to the avowal, to the acknowledgment of our faults before the tribunal of others? Oh! How our hearts shrink from that thought! What pretenses do we not make to escape it! How ingenious we become in our hypocrisy! How we hide ourselves! But there is one thing that seems harder still; it is to bear, without murmuring, the just punishment

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that our faults have deserved, to give satisfaction for the evil we have done.

One would say truly that we have never seen Christ!

"O Jesus, innocent Jesus," cries out Bossuet, "ought You to confess that You have deserved this punishment?" He ought, He ought, my brethren. Men attribute to Him crimes which He has not committed, but God has put upon Him our iniquities, and behold He goes to make satisfaction in the face of heaven and earth. As soon as He sees that cross, whereon He was soon to be nailed: "O my Father," He cries, "it is My just due, not on account of the crimes that the Jews ascribe to Me, but because of those with which You charge Me. Come, O cross, come that I may embrace you; it is just that I should carry you, because I have so well deserved you." In this spirit He lifts it upon His shoulder; He gathers together all His strength to drag it up to Calvary. In placing it on His shoulders He burdens Himself and clothes Himself anew with the sins of the world, to go and expiate them on this infamous gibbet.

Behold what our Master does! And we would refuse to submit to the chastisement of our own sins! We would draw back from the cross we have merited! Is this not so?

—*From the French of* VICTOR VAN TRICHT, S.J.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Auriesville has not fared so badly in the severe storms of the past month. The latest news from there confirms our best hopes, and will be of interest to PILGRIM readers:

AURIESVILLE, February 22, 1902.

"I have not been able to go down to the Ravine on account of the weather, which has been something 'fierce,' one almost continual blizzard since February 5. The snow is as high as the tops of the willows across from the Shrine and from three to six feet all the way down the Ravine. East of the priests' house the snow is as high as the roof. However, no serious damage has been done, only a window broken over the porch back of the chapel,

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and the coping off the chimney in the west end of the hotel. The weather is milder to-day. We had no mail here from Monday until Thursday, and some of the farmers are not out yet.

"Mr. F. Galbraith has been transferred to Fultonville as freight agent, and Irving Shutts is now station agent at Auriesville. Mr. F. Allen has returned to live here."

—In response to our appeal last month for offerings of gold for the chalice to be made for the Shrine, several pieces of jewelry, in all about seven ounces, have been kindly sent us for this purpose. Still five ounces more are needed and we trust that all who wish to contribute pieces of jewelry will send it in good time, as the goldsmith is actually making portions of the chalice.

—Several books of interest to PILGRIM readers have appeared lately, and although we have no book department, we may take occasion to review some of them later. Among them are:

"The Road to Frontenac," by Samuel Merwin; "Maid and Matrons of New France," by Mary Sifton Pepper; "Notre Dame de Lorette de la Nouvelle France," per l'Abbe L. St. G. Lindsay; "The Mohawk Valley, Its Legends and Its History," by W. Max Reid, and the last two volumes of the "Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," the latter containing the analytical Index, and an exhaustive one it is, of the entire series of the seventy-three volumes issued under this title by the Burrows Brothers' Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. Of these last volumes the New York *Evening Post* of February 20 says:

"We thought we had said our last word on the 'Jesuit Relations' when the publication of documents ceased, but the appearance of the general index brings us back to the subject once more. This last part of the work—so essential a feature of its usefulness—has been wonderfully well done. By glancing through vols. lxxii. and lxxiii., one can now see what a wide range of subjects the series embraces, and how fully it illustrates the history of New France. That proper names and subjects are both represented is a most inadequate statement. The index forms a complete analysis of contents. Take, for example, the word 'bark (of trees),' and follow out the entries under it. '*As material:* for cabins [96 references]; canoes [57 references]; casks, boxes, etc.; cords; snares; cradles; household utensils; kettles; shields; sledges; tombs. *Other uses:* beds and bedding; litter for sick; (birch) in place of writing paper; dead shrouded

in; eaten in time of famine; embroidery on; in Indian medicine; packages wrapped in; torches.' We have given the number of references only in the case of bark cabins and bark canoes. Altogether there are hundreds of references under the word 'bark.' 'Mosquitoes' is treated with a like respect. 'Beaver' receives greater prominence still, with heads, sub-headings and hundreds of special references. These may be taken as minor examples. In the case of a large subject like 'Indians' the classification becomes much more elaborate, and recalls the arrangement of a public library. Forty-seven pages of the index are given to Indians in general, apart from the numerous references to separate tribes. It is unnecessary to multiply details. This long set of the 'Jesuit Relations' closes with a complete and exhaustive index which is based upon logical methods and worked out with scrupulous care."

Saturday in Passion week, March 22, is the commemoration of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and it should be a day of special devotion for our readers and for friends of her Shrine at Auriesville, under this title.

Although we have not been publishing extracts from the letters received from readers of the PILGRIM and from friends of the Shrine, they contain as usual many interesting answers to prayer, as the following show:

L——, Pa.—"Two of the petitions made several years ago at Auriesville, through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs, of Father Jogues, saintly René Goupil and Catherine Tegakwitha, have been happily answered. I send the promised thanksgiving and please use the enclosed for the Shrine."

St. Louis, Mo.—"I am also pleased to tell you that the intention I sent the chain for has been answered. Thank God for it."

P——, Ill.—"The enclosed offering to the Shrine is in honor of St. Joseph and to ask a particular favor of Our Lady of Martyrs. You will be pleased to learn that the one I recommended when at Auriesville is now very fervent in the practice of his religious duties and very exact and regular in his life, so that I feel an entire security in his conversion. I wish you would record a special thanksgiving for this conversion, also for a considerable improvement in my affairs. Please recommend my special intentions."

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Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.	$5 00
M. B., Troy, N. Y.	50
M. McK., St. Louis, Mo.	2 00

FOR THE CHALICE.

J. C., Somerville, Mass., $10 in gold.
H. J. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. two gold sovereigns.
C. H., New York, two gold sleeve buttons.
K. M. H., Albany, N. Y., a gold cross and a pair of gold earrings.
B. F. J. Montclair, N. J., 102 pieces of jewelry.

OUR LADY AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION.

IN the Little Office of the Seven Dolors, the great Saint Athanasius reminds us that because the Blessed Virgin's glory was so far above the ordinary course of nature, a corresponding degree of merit had to be elaborated in her soul to fit her for the station which she occupied. There had to be an equation between what theologians call the grace which made her externally so resplendent and the grace which made her soul so acceptable to Him who honored her. "Thee whom the Angel Gabriel knelt before," says he "thee whom the Most High overshadowed, thee whom the Holy Ghost abided in; thee upon whom the Magi gazed with wondering veneration and whose glories were sung by the shepherds and the angels; thee whom Jacob saw as the ladder that reached to heaven, and Moses as the golden candlestick, and Aaron as the flowering rod, and David as the ark of the covenant, and Solomon as the throne of gold, the lily of the valley and the paradise of delight; thee who wert elected before thy birth, whom the generations longed for, whom the Father chose as His daughter, the Son as His Mother, and the Holy Ghost as His Spouse, a sword of grief shall pierce, and on the suffering it inflicts shalt thou meditate in the deep silence of thy thoughts."

The almost absolute silence which we note with regard to her in Holy Scripture in the concluding moments of the Passion reflects to a certain extent the manner in which she must have borne herself in her sorrow. The sorrow was felt as no one else could feel it, but it was buried in the silence of her thoughts. Though we have no record, it is scarcely conceivable that she gave way to any strong outward manifestations of grief such as

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almost necessarily any other mother would show. But the grief that requires consolation from others, though not reprehensible it nevertheless is something imperfect. It is wrong of course when it leads to neglect of one's duties.

She is represented as the Daughter of Sion, seated upon the mountain and calling to mankind to come and see if there were ever sorrow like her sorrow; but did the lips of the Queen of Martyrs utter any wail or complaint? rather was she not oblivious of herself, and intent only upon the outrage done to the Divine Majesty of Him who was lying mangled on her lap, as well as eager to console and strengthen the afflicted ones who stood around? Is it not more than likely that with the calm and almost incomprehensible heroism of one whom God had chosen for the ministrations of that awful moment, she kept in control the emotions of her ineffably loving heart and with that tranquillity and repose which must have always characterized her, prepared the body of her Son and her God for burial. The moments were hurrying on when He must be laid in the tomb and it was doubtless she who guided and directed those who less holy and less controlled than herself were giving way to their grief.

When these sad rites were performed, no doubt, also, she gave the signal for the journey to the burial. She is sometimes represented as leaning on St. John as she walks to the sepulchre, apparently about to sink. Is it not more in keeping with her dignity as Queen to conceive her as walking with calmness, and erect just as she is said to have stood by the cross? More than likely it was she who directed all the ceremonies of the entombment just as it was probably she who wrapped the shroud around Him as He was taken from the cross? For it was fitting that the same hands that had wrapped Him in swaddling clothes should now wrap Him in His winding sheet; and the same arms that bore Him to His resting place in the manger now assisted and directed others to lay Him in the tomb.

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MISSION NOTES.

MANY MORE MARTYRS.

The blood of martyrs has not yet ceased to flow in China and its dependencies. The Belgian Missionary Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary offered to God the blood of two of its sons on the mission field of Mongolia at the beginning of this year. Father Van Merhaeghen was sent out to southwestern Mongolia in 1894. Driven out by the tempest of persecution, he returned through Siberia to Belgium, but returned again to his former post last May. He knew well the danger he incurred, and gave up for the Faith the life which he had offered to God. He could have been in his mission only a short time when he received the crown of martyrdom.

The story of Father Merhaeghen is very touching. When he was setting out from his native town of Waereghem in 1894, the people decorated the principal street with banners. Still young, and tall and handsome, as he passed along with a little party of friends, the men raised their hats and the women waved their handkerchiefs, while they raised their children to see the missionary. His last salutation was for his aged mother as he took the train. At his Mass that morning in the parish church, at which the people with their burgomaster had assisted, she had wept for the loss of him, while she made the sacrifice to God.

He was destined to return after four years of labor and danger. He and his companions were spared from death, although their church and convent were wrecked, and their flock dispersed. He was anxious to return to the place of danger, and envied the glorious death of his Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Hamer. There was another tearful parting from the one who loved him most in the world, and, soon after, to her was gently broken the news that her son had set upon his apostolate the seal of martyrdom.

With Father Van Merhaeghen was slain Father Henry Bongaerts, who was born in 1874, became a religious in 1894, and was ordained priest in 1898. He was sent to Mongolia in 1899, to be soon the ninth martyr of his religious congregation. With the two priests a large number of their converts were put to death. A few days later, another missionary, Father Julien, of the Paris Foreign Missions, was put to death with two Chinese, in the mission of Kwang-tung, to which he had been sent from

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France in 1897. He, too, was in the flush of youth, being only twenty-eight years of age.

ECHOES OF MARTYRDOM.

A photograph of the ruined church of Tchou-kia-ho, in Che-li, China, shows the floor thickly covered with human bones. Here two priests, Fathers Mangin and Denn, were slaughtered with 330 of their Christians, on the 20th of July, 1900. Men, women, children, virgins, orphans—all were enveloped in the horrible butchery, amidst the flames of the church which had sheltered them. Priests and people had passed in the church the last night of their lives. The two priests were shot at the foot of the altar. A woman, attempting to protect Father Mangin, had stood in front of the leveled guns. Pierced with bullets, she fell dead. Just at that moment a renegade Christian, said to have betrayed his brethren, rushed through the crowd and threw himself at the priests' feet to ask for pardon. Immediately he was struck by a bullet and fell to rise no more. The church was set on fire and the people, as they tried to escape, were massacred. Just as the Boxers, assured of the death of the priests, ceased firing, the roof of the church fell in, carrying down with it a number of Christians into the furnace beneath. As the savage cohort of butchers departed next day, they wore around their necks the rosaries of their victims. Impressed by the wonderful constancy of the Christian martyrs, and by their veneration for their rosaries, the superstitious pagans put them on themselves as amulets.

For months the church remained a vast sepulchral vault, or rather an immense reliquary. The Chinese authorities have decided, by way of reparation, that all these sacred bones shall be collected in richly ornamented boxes lined with white silk, and deposited in brick vaults, over which a monument will be raised, and an expiatory chapel in this same village where they died. It is the story of our Lord over again: "*His sepulchre shall be glorious.*" They need no tears, these sacred bones. The martyr's palms befit them better.

In the district of Siu-ning, a Christian community of nearly 200 persons were massacred together. The Boxers surrounded them on a plain and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, as if those defenseless Christians were wild beasts. While some were shot, others were cut down with hatchets and knives, or pierced with lances. The heads of others were broken with

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clubs. The victims made no defence; but, holding their rosaries in their hands, prayed to God and Our Lady. The intrepidity of some was altogether extraordinary. A young girl of fifteen raised herself up, proudly declaring herself a Christian, and immediately was struck down. Even little children, wounded, faced death with joy. When the savage assailants had grown weary of slaughter, they buried alive the Christians who yet survived. Amongst those left for dead on the plain, a pagan woman found the body of a young woman who breathed still. She was nursed back to life; and when discovered heroically faced death a second time. For some reason or other, however, her life was spared.

THE INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS.

The contributions for those missions in 1901 amounted to $82,798. The largest sum from any one diocese was that of Philadelphia—$6,621. New York gave $5,100; Boston, $4,000; Baltimore, $2,900; Cincinnati, $2,412; Brooklyn, $2,141; Chicago, $1,456.

The Archdiocese of Baltimore received back as much as it had contributed; Cincinnati, $1,500; and New York the same. Philadelphia received $1,200.

From October 19th, 1898 to December 31st, 1901, Mother Catherine Drexel has given, for the support of the Catholic Indian Schools, the sum of $231,096. This sum was urgently required by the withdrawal of the government appropriations.

There are fifty-two priests engaged in the work of the negro missions in the United States; fifteen of these belong to the Archdiocese of Baltimore. During the year there were 4,551 baptisms of children among the negroes, but 3,055 of these were in the Archdiocese of New Orleans and 855 in Baltimore. The total Catholic negro population of the United States is placed at 141,000. There are 7,173 negro children in Catholic schools. New Orleans leads with 78,000 negro Catholics and Baltimore comes next with 37,000, while Louisville is a distant third with 9,500.

Of the 264,825 Indians in the country, 95,192 are said to be Catholics; 16,500 of these Indians live in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, while 50,000 live in the Vicariate of Brownsville, Texas. There are 800 Catholic Indians in Maine. Eighty-five priests look after the spiritual interests of the Indians—fifteen in Alaska, fifteen in Brownsville, twelve in Montana.

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THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

In the January number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, which, in their new form, are extremely attractive, there is an explanation of the conditions of membership in the Society, and of the indulgences and other favors conferred on associates. The headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith are at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. It assists over 300 dioceses and 25,000 missionaries throughout the world. Some idea of the extraordinary good it helps to do for the Church and souls may be obtained from the fact that in one year alone, 112,318 adult converts are officially reported. All Catholics should help in this magnificent work by prayer and contributions.

FILLING UP THE RANKS.

Father John Pellegrino Mondaini of the Friars Minor, has been appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Hu-nan, in China; and Father Odoric Rizzi, of the same Order, Vicar-Apostolic of Shen-si. The vacant missionary posts are filling with new men.

Brazil.—Two independent provinces of the Franciscan Order have been established in Brazil. Many of the old Franciscan houses have been renewed in form and spirit, and several new ones founded. "It is," says the London *Tablet*, "in these missions and settlements of the great Orders and missionary societies from Europe, in various parts of South America, such as the Benedictines of the Beuron Congregation, the German Franciscans, the Salesians and the Steyl Missionary Society, that we have the greatest hope for the religious regeneration of the people and clergy of the Spanish and Portuguese speaking republics."

His Eminence Cardinal Martinelli, commends the work of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, as appears from the subjoined letter:

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 4, 1902.

REV. WM. H. KETCHAM,
Director Bureau Catholic Indian Missions,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

REV. DEAR SIR:

I am grateful for the information you have given me concerning the nature and work of the Society for the Preservation of

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the Faith among Indian Children. I do not see how such a work can fail to enlist the zealous coöperation of the clergy and religious institutions of the country, and the charitable aid of the faithful. It is the proud boast of this nation that the Indians are its wards, and that it feels itself responsible for their care and protection. But, owing to the lack of religious profession which is universal among the people, the country finds itself utterly unable to fulfill the first of all the duties of a guardian to his ward—the enlightenment of his soul by divine faith. Upon Catholics, then, who, better than all others, understand the value of a soul and the necessity of faith for its salvation, devolves a duty of supplying by their own zeal and charity that which the nation cannot give to the Indians.

I hope and pray that the work of the Society may prosper more and more, and that God's richest blessings may descend on all its efforts.

Most faithfully yours in Xt.,
SEBASTIAN CARDINAL MARTINELLI,
Pro-Delegate Apostolic.

A number of promoters have taken up the work of securing members for the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children. At the present time the Society has a membership of 4,000. But it needs 400,000, and thinks that it should not be difficult to obtain that number in a Catholic population of over 10,000,000 souls. We beg our readers to apply at once for information and blank Certificates of Membership to—

REV. WM. H. KETCHAM,
941 F Street,
Washington, D. C.

The Society has Membership Certificates and Circulars in English, German, French, Spanish and Italian.

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